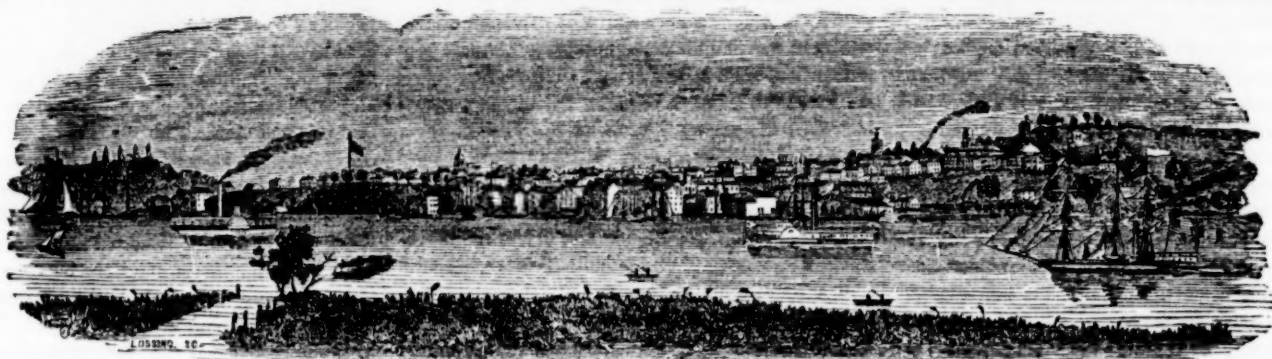


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, *E*mbellished with *E*ngravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1844.

NUMBER 23.

A Breakdown—or losing the Male—and Female too.



For the Rural Repository.

THOMAS HOBBS;

Or, the Accident on the Highway.

WHAT a critical moment in a man's life—and a woman's too—it is to—*elope*! But a mere elopement is a small affair in comparison to a “break-down” of the coach and the task of making your deaf postillion aware of the fact that he is half a mile in advance of his passengers! An elopement, merely, is boy's-play in comparison to difficulties so formidable as these, especially if you entertain some very grave suspicions that an enraged father or an outrageous brother is in hot pursuit. On such occasions, all the dormant faculties of the soul become active—emergency, like a good jockey preparing for a race, prepares the mind for a stronger exertion of its powers, that an egress from the sad category may more easily be discovered. And such was precisely the situation of affairs with Thomas Hobbs, one summer's evening “a long time ago.”

To tell the whole story concerning our friend Thomas's elopement would occupy more time and space than we at present have at command; but we will endeavor to give the reader a pleasing outline of the affair, begging the aid of his imagination to fill up the omissions and all the delightful little details which make love and elopements such charming things.

Thomas Hobbs was a bachelor of twenty-eight—Susannah Colesby was a maiden of nineteen—and though a quakeress, she was a lovely, a beautiful girl. Oh! such a form was hers—such lips and teeth—such a voice! and then again she was heiress to the round sum of fifty thousand dollars! Thomas Hobbs was a near neighbor of Susannah Colesby, and possessing a heart which had never proved itself invulnerable to the arrows of Cupid, it is not a matter of surprise that all these charms combined in one formidable array took him by storm.—He surrendered, and on his knee humbly acknowledged that he had “met the enemy and he was *here*!” Thomas was a military man,

and hence the reader will not deem his figure of speech at all inappropriate—he was 4th corporal in the bloody 56th.

But what a curious spectacle did Thomas and Susannah present, as the one knelt to plead his cause, and the other stood biting her little finger nail and looking with her laughing eyes upon her suitor in the most thorough amazement! Thomas vehemently urged her to a decision, but still she gazed upon him laughingly and without uttering a syllable. Thomas at length suspected Susannah was making a fool of him, and instantly rising, walked off in high drudgion! What a curious man was Thomas Hobbs! and when he had disappeared what a merry laugh rang from the beautiful quakeress! but suddenly checking herself, she was for a moment lost in deep meditation. Pray, what could she be thinking of so seriously? Could it be Thomas Hobbs?

“Hold on! Timothy!—stop—hold up—carriage is broken—hold on—blast the deaf old fool, he don't hear! T-i-m-o”—and here a neighboring bull commenced a most uproarious bellowing, which rendered the voice of Thomas Hobbs as a “drop in the bucket” to the general outcry! so he waited until the noisy animal had finished his trumpet blast, and then spoke in a very serious manner.

“Well, here we are, ten miles from Gretna and seven miles from home—with half a carriage and the probability of a stormy night. Oh, dear me! love in a tub and the bottom fell out!”

Here Thomas Hobbs for a moment entertained the idea of running away from Susannah Colesby and the hind part of the carriage; but a glance at her lovely form drove the treason from his brain.

“My dear,” said Thomas, “you have not spoken this evening, nor have you turned your head from that window. I am well aware of the risk of the adventure—(suppose your brother should challenge me!)—but you are not in the least danger of being detected before the ‘knot is tied,’ as the world says. Timothy was skillful in his arrangements—took you from home as if to ride up the avenues and ‘tipping me a wink’ took me on his own seat till well out of the reach of pursuit, when the trusty old servant allowed me to take my place inside. I don't doubt he'll be back soon—” The bull again drowning Thomas's voice, he stole up to Susannah and placed his arms around her enchanting form!

oh, delicious moment for Thomas! but just then the bull having leaped the fence, took the carriage upon his horns and threw it down a steep gully some twenty feet deep!

"Oh! murder!" roared Thomas. The bull roared too, and the cattle in the fields answered him. He calmly surveyed his work of destruction, and perceiving Thomas Hobbins emerge cautiously from the ruins with a female form in his arms, he dashed down the bank of the gully in pursuit. But Thomas Hobbins was a very active man, and with a mighty exertion of his strength, sprang out of the ditch upon the opposite bank, with the object of his love fondly clasped to his breast. The bull attempted to follow his example, but failed, and in revenge tore the already broken carriage into fragments!

The first moment Thomas had to spare he devoted to the sweet being at the shrine of whose beauty he was so eager to kneel, entirely forgetting her previous coquetish conduct, or attributing it to her maidenly modesty. "My dear," said he, supporting her in his arms, "look up!"—but as Susannah did not obey, he took the trouble to peer at her face half hidden by a large "kiss-me-quick"—he gazed in astonishment!—he trembled—great drops of perspiration ran down his forehead and his whole frame betrayed the most intense agitation!—and seizing Susannah by the arm, he hurled her with a malediction at the fierce bull! Savage monster!—but hold, gentle reader, Thomas Hobbins had been embracing a huge *rag baby*!

Abashed, ashamed, and hardly able to find execrations strong enough to express his scorn; but, after venting his rage with all the bitterness of his heart, he quietly wended his way back to his humble domicile.

TALES.

From the Portland Transcript.

THE LIGHT KEEPER.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

CHAPTER V.

O'er the lone waters, without sail or oar,
She drifted on at mercy of the waves.—*Old Play.*
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast.—*Shakespeare.*

"You would scarcely have known 'Glen Cove,' after two years had elapsed, so altered was it. I had enlarged and finished my house—pretty much as you see it now—my kitchen garden was extended and highly cultivated, and I had a beautiful flower-garden, into which I had transplanted all the variety of wild flowers I could find. This was a delightful task, and threw a charm over many an hour devoted to it, which otherwise would have passed in weariness. During these two years, three times only I caught sight of passing sails, but they were at such a distance they only flitted along the horizon like passing clouds, and were soon lost to view.

One morning in early summer, I took my accustomed walk to the bluff yonder, as you are aware, an extended and unbroken view of the coast and sea may be had. I did not visit this spot with the expectation of seeing a vessel, scarcely with the hope, for I had grown so attached to my new home and quiet life that I had hardly had the desire to change it. It had been my daily practice, however, to saunter to this look-out, and I had gone thither on the morning in question and taken my favorite seat. It was a beautiful morning—there was no breeze,

and the ocean was as calm as a summer lake, except the long, smooth swell, which came in and broke with a soothing murmur at the base of the cliff.

"I sat longer than usual this morning, gazing out upon the placid deep indulging in these reveries which such a scene would naturally inspire. As I arose to leave, I thought I detected a small object in the offing, a little to the Eastward—a dark speck merely, hardly visible. Riveting my eyes upon it as it rose upon the swell, it struck me as resembling a boat. It was evidently drifting with the current, for I could not detect the movement of an oar, or anything indicating life on board.

"A boat adrift on the wide and solitary ocean is always an object of interest, and the imagination immediately invests it with a thousand romantic associations.—Situated as I was, the sight of such an object naturally excited an intense interest. Scarcely waiting to take a second glance, I hastened to the cove, and having placed some water and provisions on board my yawl, I shoved from the shore. The distance of the supposed boat from land was great—much greater than I had anticipated, but with an eagerness I can hardly account for, I plied the oars, and slowly urged my way towards the object of my search.

"As I approached nearer to it, I saw plainly that it was a boat, and I watched eagerly as she rose on the top of the swell to see if any one was on board; but she appeared to be completely deserted. She was a large yawl. Her painter hung dragging over the bows, and a piece of what appeared to be a sail in the stern-sheets, lay over the gunnel and flapped carelessly with the motion of the sea.—There was something in the appearance of this apparently deserted boat as I approached her—drifting thus solitary on the great deep—that awakened reflections of a sad and melancholy nature. What dark history was connected with this little craft? How came she thus abroad upon the waters? Was she swept from the storm-drenched deck?—or was she launched from the foundered ship—the forlorn hope of the wretched crew? If so, where were those who embarked in her? Had they been rescued from their perilous situation, or had they perished miserably—their last husky cry being a prayer for water!—water! who can tell? such were the tenor of my thoughts, as I slowly advanced towards the stranger.

"After nearly three hours' toilsome labor my boat grazed along side the object of my search. Merciful Heaven, what a spectacle was presented to my sight! My very blood ran chill, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, as I gazed upon the scene before me. The first object that attracted my attention was the form of a man bent nearly double, face downwards, over the bow thwart. His head did not quite touch the bottom of the boat, and his long matted hair hung wildly over his fleshless face. The position of the body—the fearful expression of the face—the blackened and shriveled tongue protruding between the thin and parched lips, presented a horrid and sickening sight. In the bottom of the boat was another lying on his back, his feet over the thwart, as if he had fallen backwards from his seat—his ghastly and despairing look too plainly evincing the agony endured before death came to his relief. Oh God! it was a terrible sight—a terrible sight! As I stood gazing in a sort of stupefaction, upon the harrowing scene, a low moan caught my ear and drew my attention to another quarter.

"A piece of a sail was spread over the stern sheets, which with trembling hands I hurriedly lifted. Underneath the covering I discovered two persons—one the mere skeleton of a man, so emaciated that it seemed impossible the breath of life could linger in him, and by his side a female form, her attenuated hand clasped in that of the man, and her face buried in his bosom. The glaring eyes of the former rolled wildly in their sockets, as with a feeble, husky voice he exclaimed, 'Water! for the love of God, a drop of water!'—As he spoke the female turned her head towards me with a low, heart-breaking moan, and fixed on me such an imploring look that the tears blinded my sight.

"Trembling with eagerness I hastened to obey his prayers. But I felt the necessity of extreme caution in administering relief. As I presented the wooden bowl the man motioned me toward the female, but in a low tone she said, 'My father first,' and her eyes glistened at the prospect of relief. I did not dare to let them drink, but first bathed their parched and blackened lips with the cooling liquid, suffering but a small quantity to be swallowed. At first the man clutched feebly at the bowl as if he would drink of its contents at once, but I checked him, and warned him of the consequences of a too free use of water in his present exhausted state. Frequently moistening their lips and cautiously administering to their wants, I was rewarded by perceiving in both faint signs of improvement.

"My thoughts were now directed toward home. Fortunately a light breeze had sprung up, and spreading my sail, with the yawl in tow, I arrived late in the afternoon in the cove. My first care was to get the sufferers to the house. They were mere skin and bone, and entirely helpless—but a child could have lifted them. After preparing for them such sustenance suitable to their condition as my limited means admitted, I left them in the edge of the evening, comparatively comfortable, murmuring blessings on my head.

"A melancholy task called me forth—the last sad duties to the dead were to be performed. In a retired spot I made a wide grave, and in it deposited the bodies of the two unfortunate seamen. With saddened and subdued feelings I heaped the green turf over them, and left them to their last sleep, thankful that the mournful privilege of giving back 'dust unto dust' was granted me. On returning to the house, I was glad to find the sufferers had fallen into a sound sleep. The excitement produced by what I had witnessed, and the anxiety I felt for my patients, banished all inclination for sleep, and I watched through the night by their bedsides. Grateful was the prayer I breathed over them, that I had been the instrument in rescuing them from their dreadful situation and ardently did I beseech the Father of Mercy to crown with success the means used for their restoration to health. The sleep of the father seemed to be deep and undisturbed, but frequently through the night would the young lady utter broken exclamations, in all which a lively and affecting concern for her father was manifest.—Once she exclaimed in piteous accents—'Water—water! oh God, have mercy upon my poor father!' And in all the workings of her mind there appeared to be a total forgetfulness of self—her whole thought and care seemed to centre in her parent, and all her prayers were invoked in his behalf. It was a beautiful and touching display of filial love, and my heart, thus early, took a deep interest in one who unconsciously betrayed so endearing a trait of

character. The tones of the human voice, though tremulous and sorrowful, were to my unaccustomed ears sweet and musical, and awoke in me all the instincts of humanity, and restored anew that interest for my kind which continued solitude had nearly banished from my heart.

CHAPTER VI.

But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The varying frowns and favors of the deep,
That now almost engulfs, then leaves to creep
With crazy oar and shattered length along
The tide, that yields reluctant to the strong;
The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of a stormy night,
And from the outspread canvass gladly wrings
A drop to moisten life's all-gasping springs.

Byron's Island.

"A night's rest greatly refreshed and improved my new tenants, and after three or four days careful nursing the daughter was so far recovered as to assist in tending on her father, whose improvement was slow and doubtful. His health I was informed, had been for a number of years feeble, and the dreadful trial he had passed through had shattered it still more, rendering the chances of his recovery extremely uncertain. From the lips of his daughter I learned the sad story of their suffering on the sea—and their previous history was revealed to me afterwards.

"Mr. Morton, the father, was a retired merchant of one of our Northern States. The death of his wife, to whom he was most ardently attached, and the subsequent loss of the greater portion of his property through his own unfortunate speculations and the villainy of others, had preyed upon his spirits and seriously affected his health. His physician had advised a short residence in Santa Croix, an island considered peculiarly adapted in its climate for persons in ill health. In accordance with this advice, he had visited the island, taking with him his only child, a daughter, just entering on the bloom of womanhood. After a protracted residence of two years or more, finding that his disease continued to grow upon him, he concluded to return to his native land, that in case of his anticipated death, he might rest beside the partner he so constantly mourned.

"Accordingly he took passage in a freighting brig, on board of which he also shipped the small remnant of property misfortune had spared to him. The brig, which was an old one, was heavily laden with sugar, and encountered very boisterous weather on her passage, which caused her to leak badly. They had been out about twenty days, when one night a fresh leak was discovered, and it was found that the hands at the pumps, wearied by incessant toil day and night, could not keep her free. The water gained fast upon them, and in despair the crew left the pumps, and proposed abandoning the brig. But little time was left for consultation, for it was found that the water was working in so rapidly the brig was liable every moment to go to the bottom. The long boat and yawl were prepared for the last emergency. There were other passengers on board, and a division hastily took place. The father and daughter, with five of the crew, were assigned to the yawl—the remainder took to the long boat, on board of which the bulk of the provisions and water was stored—a small quantity only being retained in the yawl, as it was deemed expedient to keep her as light as possible.

"The fated vessel began shortly to settle by the head, and the boats were launched in the grey of morning. They left not a moment too soon, for they had rowed but a short distance off, when, with a lurch and a plunge, the brig was buried beneath the billows. The boats were then shaped towards the nearest land, and slowly and toilsomely did the weary crew ply the oars. Day followed day—no land—no vessel appeared.—Provisions grew short, and to add to the horror of at least one party, one dark and blustering night the boats got parted from each other, and when the morning came, those in the yawl looked around in vain for their companions. Now, for the first time, did the full sense of their miserable situation stare them in the face. With hardly bread and water sufficient for one day's sustenance—with no knowledge of their position—a fearful fate was before them.

"It is unnecessary that I should follow them through the appalling scenes that ensued up to the time I discovered them. In their delirium, brought on by want of food and water, three of the crew plunged into the sea at different times—two died on board, and the father and daughter were left the only survivors. The father ascribes his preservation to the fact of his being in feeble health, so that he felt not that craving for food which tortured his robust and hearty companions. As for the daughter she was sustained by that mysterious power of endurance which God has seen fit to bestow on woman, and which enables her to bear up triumphantly amid scenes and in situations where man, with all his boasted superiority of nerve and strength is crushed. So they two lingered—witnessing one strong man after another fall before them, until they alone of all that company remained. When the last man fell from his seat in the agonies of death, the daughter placed herself beside her father, and drawing a part of the sail, which her father from the first had used as bed and covering, over their faces, she had laid herself down to die. Hope had fled—despair itself had fled—and both were fast sinking in that deep lethargy which precedes death—the only boon they now looked for—when my providential presence awoke anew the love of life.

"Such, in brief, was the sad history of the two persons thrown on my care. Need I say that its relation excited a deeper interest, if possible, in my breast toward them? My own history was given in return, from the day of my first being thrown upon this spot, down to the hour I met them, and in mingling our sympathies, in uniting our grateful aspirations to Him who had so wonderfully preserved us, our hearts became knitted together.

CHAPTER VII.

With thee all toils are sweet; each clime hath charms;
Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms.—*Byron.*

O, if good heaven would be so much my friend,
To let my fate upon my choice depend,
All my remains of life with you I'd spend,
And think my stars had given a happy end.—*Oldham.*

While Mr. Morton continued with but very little perceptible change in his favor, Emma, for that was the name of the daughter, rapidly regained the bloom of health and beauty. With the most tender devotedness would she attend upon her parent—hovering ever by his bed-side anxious to anticipate his slightest want.

"At times, however, at his urgent request she would walk abroad for exercise; and together we would ramble up the glen, searching out its hidden beauties—the little green nooks and fairy-like spots

with which it abounds—returning loaded with wild-flowers, with which our dwelling was decorated like a floral palace. At other times we would stroll by the sea-shore, gathering the delicate and curious shells washed up by the sea—or roam amid the caverns and cliffs, listening to the unceasing roar of the waters. And she possessed a spirit to enjoy these various aspects of nature, and with an unaffected delight and unstudied eloquence she gave expression to the emotions which the changing scene awakened—whether she was bending over the tiny wild-flower, half hidden in its cushion of moss, or stood upon the brink of the dizzy cliff, gazing with the kindling eye upon the waters whirling and seething with foam far below her. And as I accompanied her amidst places so familiar to my footsteps, and conversed with her in relation to the grandeur and beauty that met us on every hand, I wondered that never before had I felt such an interest—never before had discovered so many secret attractions in objects so constantly presented to my observation.

"In process of time Mr. Morton so far regained his strength as to be able to leave the house and take short excursions with us; and it was with no small degree of pleasure mingled with pride, that I observed the undisguised delight he took in the picturesque beauties of the glen, and the strong interest he manifested in all that concerned the arrangements of the place—and listened to the encomiums he passed upon the taste and display in its improvements. He was a man of strong enthusiastic temperament—a close and critical observer—his mind had evidently been highly polished, and above all, he possessed that pure and lofty spirit of christianity which sheds such a beautiful halo around the character. He had been chastened—severely chastened by affliction—he had bowed beneath the rod, but not submissively. But now a new and better light dawned upon him—the veil which had so long shrouded his vision was withdrawn—he groped no more in shadows, and with the poet he was ready to exclaim, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' and to acknowledge that 'through danger safety comes—through trouble rest.'

"With such companionship need I say that a new coloring was given to my life—that the cup of my happiness was full to overflowing. Even so—I tremble at times lest it should be suddenly dashed from my lips. I dreaded now every day that some vessel should draw nigh and rob me of those in whose society centered all my happiness; and it was with a shrinking feeling allied to fear, that I daily approached the cliff whence the broad ocean spread out before me, apprehensive that some vessel might by chance be in sight, with whom communication might be had. I know not why these feelings oppressed me, for my companions had never hinted a desire of leaving, but on the contrary had frequently and always favorably alluded to the happy seclusion in which we lived. Still I was uneasy and dared not question them particularly on the subject.

"One day I had visited the look-out in company with Emma, and as we stood gazing out upon the ocean, our conversation turned upon the isolated situation, and I alluded to the possibility of some passing sail approaching the coast, affording to herself and father an opportunity of returning to the home from which they had been so long separated. Oh, what a weight was lifted from my heart, as in an earnest tone my companion quickly replied—

"Home! we have no home—we want no home but this!"

"And could you be content," I asked in a manner which at once arrested her attention, "to remain in this solitude—away from the world—your friends—and forever debarred the allurements of society?"

"A deep blush overspread her face as she replied, 'The world—why should I regret it? I had but few friends of my age, and they have probably long ago forgotten me. Where my father is, there is my home—he is happy here, and why should not I be also?'"

"But would he not leave if an opportunity offered?" I enquired with an anxious earnestness I could not conceal.

"Not if he could persuade you to permit him to remain," was her reply.—"This he told me yesterday, as we were conversing upon this subject; and, my dear friend, if you have been fearful, as I judge from your late saddened tone, that we should be so ungrateful as to desire to part from one to whom we are indebted not only, under God, for life, but for all the kindnesses which render life a blessing, dismiss such thoughts from your breast, and set your heart to rest."

"And my heart was at rest. Nay, nay—not at rest—for it was agitated by a thousand blissful emotions. The kind—more than this—the affectionate tones in which Emma conversed with me as we slowly walked homeward—the air of confidence she assumed—the warm terms in which she spoke of the attractions of Glen Cove, and the glowing picture which she drew of the happiness here to be found—away from the glare of the world—the bitterness and strife which there exist—with no distracting cares, no mocking pleasures to win us away from those lofty and ennobling thoughts which a constant contemplation of the grand and beautiful in nature tend to excite—all this thrilled me with feelings as new as they were strange, and awakened in my bosom sweet hopes which ere this I had not dared to entertain."

CHAPTER VIII.

He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.—*Shakespeare's Winter Tale.*

Are we not one? Are we not joined by heaven?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mixed like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguished,
But roll into the sea one common flood?—*Rosce.*

"You have doubtless, ere this," continued the keeper with a warm smile, "detected the nature of the emotions thus kindled in my breast. Yes I loved Emma with no common love. My whole being was wrapped up in her. Her presence was as necessary to me as the light of heaven—nor was it denied me. Even my little bird seemed instinctively to partake of my feelings, for in a short time it became as familiar to her, perching upon her hand with the same freedom with which it sought mine."

"Under her fostering care the very flowers seemed to bloom with increased loveliness. Together had we searched the glen; transplanting such rare plants and flowers as attracted our notice, until my little domain appeared like a fairy scene. With the suggestion and assistance of Mr. Morton, aided by the good taste of Emma, a thousand little improvements were made in and about our dwelling, all tending to enhance the comfort and beauty of the place. Destitute of many of the conveniences

of domestic life, we resorted to numerous contrivances to supply the deficiency, and never was gold plate on a monarch's table more valuable than were the humble dishes of stone, wood and shell, which graced our board. Nor was that board illy supplied. Our garden afforded us all necessary vegetables, the sea yielded us fish—and the glen abounded in wild fruits, so that we enjoyed not only the necessities but even many of the luxuries of life."

"A few days after my conversation with Emma on the cliff, Mr. Morton took occasion to allude to the same subject. Possibly, he said an opportunity might offer to leave the place, but he had now nothing to draw him back to society. His property was gone—his relish for worldly intercourse had left him, and all he desired in life, peace and contentment, here surrounded him. He would not say he regretted being a burden on me, for he felt assured that I did not consider the presence of himself and daughter in that light. In alluding to his daughter in connection with the precarious state of his health, an opportunity was offered, which I had long desired of making him acquainted with the state of my feelings in regard to her. Frankly and fully I unfolded to him the secrets of my heart—unreservedly informing him of the feelings with which she had inspired me, and of the hopes I had cherished."

"He heard me throughout without interrupting me, and when I had concluded, he said with a smile—

"All this is no new thing to me, Robert—months ago it was revealed to me."

"Revealed to you!—months ago," was my astonished reply.

"Yes, my dear young friend," he answered—"even before, I suspect, you yourself was fully aware of it, I knew it. The heart too often betrays itself to others ere it is aware of its own secrets. Actions have a very forward tongue, and babble many things of which the individual himself has hardly as yet dreamed. Yes, I know it all—for a father's sight is keen, and," added he, taking my hand affectionately, "I rejoiced in it all. Need I say—Emma's heart is yours—take her!—and with mine may the blessing of heaven rest upon you both!"

* * * * *

"It is common with all story tellers," continued the aged keeper, as we reached the precincts of his humble dwelling, and seated ourselves by the doorway, "to wind up with a wedding or a funeral, and I suppose you will not be contented if I deviate from the prescribed method. I need not say the 'blushing consent' of Emma was without difficulty obtained. Our preparations for the wedding were very few and were soon completed. But then came the question—who will perform the marriage ceremony. We had gone on making our arrangements, until all of a sudden this serious obstacle presented itself on the very threshold of Hymen's temple. Never shall I forget the moment when Emma, who was intently engaged on some little preliminary affair, looked up from her work with a perplexed air and said, 'But how shall we get married?'—There was something in the tone in which this was uttered—something so ludicrous, I suspect, in the expression of each of our countenances, as this wholly unthought of dilemma suddenly occurred to our minds, that both of us burst involuntarily into a hearty laugh, in which Mr. Morton, who at that moment came in, as heartily indulged."

"After we had sobered down a little, we began

more seriously to consider this unforeseen obstacle. What should we do? was the question repeatedly asked—and it was the very question we could not for the life of us answer. We talked it over a long time, and Emma and I began to grow a little sad on the subject—"

"Nonsense, Robert, you was the only sad one," said the Keeper's wife, as she took her seat beside her husband, and looked up into his face with an affectionate smile—"what cause had I for sadness, pray?"

"Well, well, wife," said the old man, kindly, "if you were not sad I was, and should have been still more so, had not your father helped us out of the dilemma. 'Where there is a will there's a way,' said he 'and it will go hard if we do not accomplish your wishes, even without the aid of a minister. Let me think,' continued he, 'my justice commission holds good until next year, if I am not mistaken, and I can bind you as legally together as all the ministers in Christendom. So stand up, my children!—and joining our hands in his, he performed the necessary rites, invoking at the same time a blessing on our heads—and we were husband and wife! It was a hurried wedding, but it was a happy one, and the blessing of heaven has rested upon it from that hour to this. And now," continued the Keeper, as he arose from his seat and turned to enter the house, "after this long story, let us see what the good woman has prepared for supper. We have kept you waiting, wife, but we have not been unmindful of you, for I have been giving our young friend a history of our lives—a history though shadowed in its commencement, hath ever since beamed with the radiance of heaven's choicest blessings."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE GIRL WHO DID NOT BELONG TO SOCIETY.

"Who is that beautiful girl in the grey silk, there by the door?" whispered Charles Granley to his friend Frank Fulton.

"I do not know her name," replied Frank. "I have seen her frequently of late. She is very beautiful and genteel in her manners, but I fancy she does not belong to society, for none of the ladies of my acquaintance know her."

"I must know her, however," replied Charles. "If she does not belong to society, perhaps she is game."

"For shame Charles," said Frank, indignantly; "judging by appearances that girl is innocence itself. I am grieved that a friend or acquaintance of mine should suffer such thoughts to pollute his mind."

"Indeed, Mr. Parson, you reprove impressively, but I am not bound to follow your teaching, or submit to your authority. However, you need not fear that I shall supplant you with your favorite. There are finer girls than she."

"Pray, who is that very pretty girl who is dressed so like a quakeress?" enquired Emily May of Josephine Camp.

"I cannot tell you, indeed," was the reply. "I have seen her several times at church this summer, but none of the ladies know her. She seems modest and genteel, and I would really like to learn her name."

"If she is a stranger to every body, I am sure I do not wish to know her," said Miss Emily, dis-

dainfully. If you really desire an introduction Jose, perhaps some of the gentlemen will present you."

"This is very cruel of you Emily," whispered Josephine. "The poor girl heard your remark, and has turned away to conceal doubtless her tears."

"Who is this Miss Osborne who proposes to open school for young ladies. She called on me this morning to solicit patronage, and though she seems young and artless, there is an air of concealment, or disingenuousness about her which I do not like. She professes to be all accomplished, offering to teach French and Italian, as well as music on the piano and the harp. I would really send my daughters to her if I knew what she is."

"And I would send mine, for her terms are quite reasonable, and if she is mistress of the accomplishments which she offers to impart, I shall never find such an opportunity to have them educated; but as nobody knows her, I do not like to trust her with my children."

"That is the general opinion. Ladies would embrace the opportunity of giving their daughters so cheap an education, if they were not all suspicious of Miss Osborne's character. And yet since she has been in the neighborhood her conduct has been blameless, the strictest surveillance not having discovered a flaw in all her movements. I think I will try to persuade Mrs. Ellery and Mrs. Granley to patronize her, and then if you add your three sweet girls, she will have quite a school, for if they and you send I shall feel safe in entrusting Clara and Julia to her tuition."

"Well, if Mrs. Ellery and Granley and you send, I think I will, since her terms are so very reasonable, but I suspect that she is not the character she professes to be."

And who was "the beautiful girl in grey silk;" "the very pretty girl dressed like a quakeress;" "the Miss Osborne who proposed to open a school for young ladies." She whom nobody knew, and with whose character such cruel and unwarrantable liberties were taken? We will go back a few years and trace her family.

Calista Van Rensselaer belonged to one of the richest and proudest families in the State of New-York. She was nurtured in luxury, and having good natural abilities, acquired a most superior education. She was also amiable in disposition, and would have been a philanthropist had she known that the poor were her brethren, and that misfortune does not necessarily argue guilt, or at best foolishness. But she was not taught these things, and so the precious germ of human kindness lay dormant in her heart. She was affectionate to her family and female friends, but did not know that she should love all who need affection. Of course, all those who should have experienced and blessed her kindness, regarded her as a haughty, hard-hearted girl. And she had imbibed high notions of aristocratic distinctions.—She verily believed that laboring people were a sort of inferior animal, made of coarser clay, and animated by obtuse and groveling spirits. In society she was not exactly a belle; she reigned more like a queen. Her favor was a title to honor, her opinion was law, her style was the first fashion.

She was nineteen, when she became acquainted with Augustus Osborne, a handsome, high-spirited young lawyer, of lofty intellect, superior acquirements, and a man universally honored and esteemed. His father, an eminent physician, had died while Augustus was yet a child, and when his property

was divided to a widow and nine children, the portion of each was barely sufficient to support and educate them until they came of age. But the prospect of Augustus Osborne was dazzling bright. None doubted but that his path would certainly lead to wealth and the highest honor.

Mr. Van Rensselaer on the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Osborne, presented the young couple with a magnificent house, furnished in the most expensive and elegant manner; and they were the envy of all the envious in the city. Mrs. Osborne of course, abated nothing of her pride, now that she was a bride, and mistress of an elegant establishment. Her contempt of "the lower classes" became insolence, for it led her to treat with contumely those who in years and knowledge were her superiors. On one occasion a semstress replied to her fault-finding pertinacity, "Mrs. Osborne, I was born and educated as highly as yourself; I never despised any person because of their poverty, yet you see I am now a poor widow, striving to feed five little children by the labor of my hands. If you shall ever be in my situation, you will remember how you have added gall to many a bitter cup, and feel that you are receiving a just recompense for your pride."

"I did not marry an inebriate," retorted Mrs. Osborne, forgetting her dignity.

"No," replied the woman, weeping, "but Mr. Osborne is as likely to become a common drunkard as was my poor Herbert at his age."

Mrs. Osborne dismissed the semstress for her insolence, but the words which she had spoken in the bitterness of her heart, sunk deep into the proud one's spirit, and from that hour the stream of her life was tinged with a darkness, faintly shadowing remorse and future ill.

Three years had passed in honor and prosperity, and Calista Osborne had become a proud and happy mother, while her husband stood pre-eminent in his profession, and the idol of the reigning political party. For a time she gloried in his reputation, and enjoyed the shadow of the honors which were lavished upon him. But when his mind became absorbed in them; when political measures came to be of more importance to him than her happiness; when he turned impatiently from the caress of his sweet boy, chiding the prattle that disturbed him in the perusal of a party paper; then she did wish that fame and honor had never found him. Oh! what were party interest to her in comparison of the love and kind attention of which they had bereaved her. Her home became desolate, and shadows of loneliness filled the rooms that used to be radiant with his smiling presence, vocal with his accents of affection. Sometimes she was pining in loneliness for days together, while he was absent canvassing for his party favorite. "Well," she would murmur to herself, "the election will soon be over, and then he will be himself again." But the election resulted in favor of the opposing party, and Mr. Osborne and his constituents resolved never to sheathe their weapons until they had retrieved their honor. To this end they organized a club, and called frequent meetings; and in their chagrin and animosity scrupled not to descend to vituperation and slander. With bitter agony Mrs. Osborne observed the moral leprosy spreading and deepening in her husband's character. The high tone of his mind was lost; he could stoop to shuffling meanness, and scrupled not to associate with low and debased party tools and sycophants.

At length his affairs became embarrassed. He had long neglected his business, and business was now deserting him. His office was now seldom sought by eager feet, and few anxious faces peered in at his door. Still she hoped that the fever of party jealousy would at length subside, and leave him in his right mind. But the cup of her affliction was not yet full. Her idolized little boy fell sick.—She besought her husband to stay at home with her until he should recover. But the father was forgotten by the politician.—"I do not think the boy any dangerous," he said, "it would be folly for me to stay watching over him. I must attend to the interests of 'our party'"—and so he went out in the morning, and came not again until the dinner hour. Poor little Herman had just fallen into an uneasy slumber, and when the agitated mother assured her husband that the fever was intense, and that the child only slumbered from exhaustion, he answered, "indeed Calista, you alarm yourself needlessly. The boy sleeps well. He is only nervous from teething, or perhaps the irritation of worms. I will, however, send in Dr. Wise to see him."

"And you will return soon?" she asked eagerly.

"I cannot say," he answered, and the street door shut behind him.

Dr. Wise arrived an hour after he went out, and pronounced the child's case to be one of malignant scarletina, allowing small room for hope. He prescribed medicines, but the little sufferer could not swallow them, so great was the soreness and swelling of his throat and tongue. Calista had domestics, but they did not love her, and were not willing to risk injection by sharing her vigils in the sick chamber. Alone and in heart-rending agony she counted the long minutes of that terrible night, beside her restless child. His disease was evidently increasing, and her mind was wrung with torturing fears; yet she longed and prayed for her husband's return, as if his presence would bring health to her darling. The day dawned upon her vigil, and yet he came not. The child sunk into a torpor, and she slept from exhaustion, sitting by the bedside, with her face upon his pillow, and his little burning hand clasped in her own. The sun was high when the physician called, and there slept the exhausted mother beside her dead child. The good man's humanity was inexpressibly shocked, as he stood for a time deliberating how he should proceed. Her circumstances were delicate, and he feared the effect of a shock so terrible. In his agitation he let his cane fall on the floor. Mrs. Osborne started wildly to her feet. "You will deem me a heedless watcher doctor," she stammered, "but indeed, sleep came over me unawares. I did not wilfully neglect my darling. He was excessively restless till daybreak, and then he fell asleep. I laid my head on his pillow, hoping he was better, and prayed until sleep came. I hope he is better." She turned and bent over her boy, she put her lips to his forehead. "Oh, Father in heaven!" she cried, and the doctor caught her fainting form in his arms, and laid her on a sofa.

Immediately summoning the domestics, he dispatched a messenger in quest of Mr. Osborne, and used every endeavor for the recovery of his patient. But she was only aroused from one fit to sink into another, and he much feared that she would die before her husband's arrival. The torturing thought that she had slept while her poor child was dying; that she might have alleviated his sufferings; that

his dying eyes sought hers in vain; that an unalayed death thirst might have added to his agonies—all these, and a thousand other hideous phantoms tore her heart strings as with grasp of fire.

Mr. Osborne had gone to a distant city, and when on the third day he came home, his beautiful little boy lay a livid corpse in his coffin; Mrs. Osborne was trembling between life and death, insensible even to the feeble wail of a premature infant. We will not attempt a description of the feelings which bowed the strong man to infant weakness.

Day and night he wept and watched beside the sick bed of his beloved Calista, whom notwithstanding his apparent neglect, he did most earnestly love; and fervently did he implore that if she must die, she might at least be conscious a little while, that he might solicit and receive her assurance of forgiveness.

At length nature released herself from the leaden hand of insensibility, and Calista became conscious of her situation. Her husband came tremblingly to her pillow and clasped her pale hand. She turned her languid eyes upon him, closed them with a shudder and a low moan, and turned away her face. He sunk upon the floor, pierced through with the keenest agony. She heeded not his sobs and groans, and the attendants led him from the chamber. When after the lapse of a few hours he again crept stealthily like a guilty thing into her chamber, approached the bed, and kneeling murmured, "Oh, forgive." "You are forgiven," she said coldly. "Penitence cannot recall the past." She shed no tear, and her hand lay passive in his, there was no manifestation of affection. He felt his heart broken. He confessed his fault—he conjured her to believe that it was not lack of love which had led him from her so often and so much; that the excitement which had hurried him on, was only a wave on the surface of his feelings, while the depths of affection beneath were undisturbed. She heard him, and a deep sigh was her only response to his passionate pleadings. It seemed that the wounds in her spirit were closed, the scars cicatrized, and become insensible. For her infant alone did she seem to feel any tender emotion, and it did seem that all her sympathies withdrawn from every other treasure, centered with intensity upon that feeble child. She arose from the bed of sickness as entirely changed from the Calista Osborne of former years, as it is possible for bereavement, sorrow and sickness to change the human mind and person.

Mr. Osborne no longer recognized in the sad wan woman, with attenuated form and plainly dressed hair all threaded with silver, the beautiful, girlish, loving, laughing wife of his ardent worship; his home was like a tomb to him, and he fled to the haunts of dissipation in quest of relief for his remorse and anguish.

Poor man, he had contracted a habit of intemperate drinking during his political career, although himself unconscious of the fact. He attended so many meetings and clubs where strong liquors circulated freely; so many dinners where libations to Bacchus were devoutly offered, with invocations for the welfare and glory of state and individual; he pledged so many political friends who drank success to party, men and measures, that he learned to love the beverage, and droop when not sustained by its excitement. Several times he had been overcome by the strong foe, but Calista had not known it. Now he sought oblivion in the fatal cup, and at once abandoned himself to inebriety. He was

brought home insensible from intoxication, and his wife calmly ordered him to be conveyed to bed, and bade a servant watch beside him. She then retired to her chamber, and kneeling, prayed most earnestly for death. But while the prayer was yet upon her lips, the cry of her waking infant smote upon her heart, and she clasped her hands like a vice across her forehead, bent her face to the sofa beside which she was kneeling in the deep silent anguish of despair.

When Mr. Osborne arose in the morning, he was told that she was very ill, and desired to see him in her bed-room. He crept like a guilty thing to her bedside, and yet he felt a joy that she should ask for him, although it was to chide him. She clasped his trembling hand in both hers, and without referring to the bitter past, besought him to remove from the city, and to seek a home in the far west. "I am sure we shall be happier away from the city," she pleaded; "I have become so very nervous since my late illness, that the noise is irksome to me. Let us go to the grand forest scenes, where the winds make soft melody amongst the branches, and music of the clear streams is but a symphony of the hymning of the feathered angels. I know that I should feel young and happy again if we were once away from here, and settled in the wilderness."

He knelt, pressed her hands to his face, and they were wetted with his tears. "Yes, dear Calista," he said, "we will go. I feel, I appreciate your motives. In our new home I shall be removed from temptation, and if you can forgive and love me again, we shall indeed be happy." "I have nothing to forgive you," she answered, "you have not sinned against me. When from your heart you can forgive yourself, I shall be happy. But do not ask me to love you again. Oh, Augustus, I have never ceased to love you, never. But you laid the seal of sorrow on the well springs of my heart. But let us go hence, and all may be well."

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Rural Repository.

THE WHALE.

BY C. H. B.

Not many days since I met my old friend Jack Towline—a gallant old salt—and in the course of our conversation he "spun a yarn" somewhat similar to the following:

The second mate of our ship was a man of immense muscular power, and of a temper so irritable and impetuous that it sometimes rendered him the laughing stock of a whole boat's crew, for like a ship without a helm, he was dashed helplessly about to any extreme the violent hurricanes of his passion chanced to direct themselves.

One day, when our voyage was nearly at an end, the man at the mast head cried—

"There she blows!"

This was the first whale we had raised for a long time, which combined with our anxiety to "fill up" rendered us particularly active in lowering the boats and making headway for the big fish; and the men pulling at the oars with all the energy and force which men half dead with the scurvy could be expected to pull, after the lapse of half an hour being highly favored with a continued torrent of oaths from our strong mate, we arrived to within a few rods of the whale. I was at the head of the boat, and I had suddenly made up my mind to throw the harpoon; and perhaps you are aware of

the fact that when I have decided upon a course of conduct, no persuasion, argument, flattery or threatening, nothing but force can alter my decision; I am naturally and in regard even to the most trivial matters perfectly inflexible. Thus when the mate ordered me to "change ends" with him that he might pierce the mighty bulk of "blubber and bone," I peremptorily refused to obey. He repeated the order with a volley of oaths—and again I refused, contrary to all law and the regulations of the ship. But this second refusal threw the mate into a towering rage, and with the agility and fierceness of a tiger he sprang towards me, and catching me by the nape of the neck and the seat of honor, he threw me over the heads of the oarsmen into the stern of the boat with the ease of a child tossing a pebble, saying—

"Now, you cursed lubber, see that you put the boat on that whale, or blow me, if I don't shiver your timbers!"

But this was of no avail, and all the threats, commands and execrations of the mate only served to make me the more obstinate. I said I would not lay my hand upon the oar and I did not. The mate was in a storming rage, and not only his lips and eyes spoke his fury, but in every lineament of his face it was legible. Suddenly the whale shot off and disappeared! and again I saw the mate leap along the gunwales of the boat towards me! I expected he would throw me into the sea, but taking me up in a similar manner as at first, he hurled me with all his strength back to my old station in the bows!

So much for being headstrong; if the captain and mate had not been at loggerheads I should have got a dozen lashes, but to spite the former I was permitted to go scot free.

BIOGRAPHY.



JOHN AIKIN, M. D.

JOHN AIKIN M. D. (the brother of Mrs. Barbauld) was born at Kibworth, in Lancashire, in 1747, educated at Warrington and Edinburgh, and took his degree at Leyden, in 1784. He first settled as a surgeon at Chester, whence he removed to Warrington. It was at the latter place that he commenced his career as an author, by publishing, in conjunction with his sister, a volume of Miscellanies. After having taken his degree, he fixed his residence at Yarmouth, where he remained for some years. He then removed to the metropolis, in which, or its vicinity, he continued till his decease. He died in December, 1822, at Stoke Newington. Dr. Aikin was a man of erudition and an elegant writer. Besides producing a Life of Huet, a Medical Biography, and other original works, he edited the first twenty volumes of the Monthly Magazine; the Athenæum; and various editions of poets; and was one of the writers of a General Biographical Dictionary, in 10 volumes 4to.

MISCELLANY.

BURNS AND GEORGE III.

In London, where they have a price for every thing, an autograph of Robert Burns commands five guineas—one of George the Third sells for *three shillings*! King George was born in a palace, and sat upon a throne. Robert Burns was born in a cottage, and held the plough. George was a king by birth-right—Robert was a king by nature. George, during his life was sated with luxuries, and surrounded by flatterers; Burns often wanted the common necessities of life, and neglected by the world, died penniless—death levels all artificial distinctions; and, in the hearts of posterity, man, if remembered at all, sinks or soars to his natural grade.

Who remembers George the Third or points to one good action that he ever performed. The name of Burns is heard at every hearth—it is familiar as a household word—and his undying verse lives in every heart, amazing and delighting all.

Burns, though a peasant, was as much superior to George the Third, as five guineas are to three shillings—yea, infinitely superior to that ratio. Would that the world had done him more justice while he lived.

Scotland could spare a hundred kings, but could not spare one Burns.

POETRY.

PRENTICE thus eloquently answers the question, "What is Poetry?" "A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existence, in man and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memory of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry too in the harmonies of nature.

"It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and the stars—its cadence is heard in thunder and cataract—its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand voiced harps of the wind, the rivulet and forest—and the cloud and sky go floating over us, to the music of its melodies.—There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a breeze calling from its blue air, thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or soundings through the midnight rains, its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring, not a cloud, bathing itself like angel vision, in the rosebushes of autumn twilight, as if dreaming of the Eden of the land, but it is full of the beautiful influence of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and Heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the great deep, in tempers and in calm, and its accent and mysterious workings."

"A PLUNGE INTO THE PEOPLE'S POCKETTS."

The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces stranger vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very adroitly. We give the following as a specimen: An English preacher, advocating the generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to his hearers:—"From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of—that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting any thing in the box who cannot pay his debts." The result was an overflowing collection.

ELOQUENCE.

A young sprig of the law, just commencing practice in one of the southern states, determined to make a hit in his "maiden speech," and thereby put the noses of older cotemporaries out of joint. He therefore volunteered in the case of a poor man who had been guilty of sticking a knife into one of his neighbor's hogs, commenced his speech in the following manner:—"Your honor the Judge and gentlemen of the Jury—While Europe is deluged in blood: while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and her liberties, and the unhallowed alters of the bearded infidel to dust; while the chosen few of the degenerate Iberia are waving their burnished swords in the sunlight of Liberty; while America is standing forth the brightest orb in the political sky; I, with due diffidence arise to defend the cause of this humble hog thief!"

TRUTH.

SOME men say that "wealth is power"—and some that "talent is power"—and some that "knowledge is power"—and that "authority is power"—but there is an apothegm that I would place on high above them all, when I would assert that "truth is power." Wealth cannot purchase—talent cannot refute—knowledge cannot over-reach—authority cannot silence her; they all like Felix, tremble at her presence; cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath—fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion—she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge. She is the ministering spirit who sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, which is given by its mighty author, to illuminate and to inspire the mortal soul—and which, like himself, "is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." When the mound has been long heaped on all the pride of wealth and talent, knowledge and authority—when earth and heaven itself shall have passed away, Truth shall arise, like the angel on Manoah's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her heaven and her home—the bosom of the holy and eternal God!

A YANKEE TRICK.

It is in vain to attempt to circumvent the Yankees. They are wide awake on all points. The Virginians sometimes since, tried the experiment of closing their territory against the encroachments of Yankee enterprise, in the shape of clock peddling, &c. and they passed a law prohibiting the sale of goods manufactured out of the State, without a license, which had to be renewed every twelve months at a cost of one hundred dollars. The clock pedlars would not stand such a tax as this, and forthwith adopted an effectual expedient to evade the statute. They discontinued selling altogether, and commenced the business of *leasing*, taking care to establish the limits of the lease to a period far beyond the life time of these valuable Connecticut time-keepers. By this process which is perfectly satisfactory to both pedlars and costumers, the clock trade was in a highly flourishing condition at the latest dates.

"THOMAS my chid, tell me the biggest lie that you ever told, and I will give you a mug of cider." "Me; I never told a lie in my life." "Draw the cider, my son, you've done it."

If you wear a coat bought of a tailor who don't trust, it is quite creditable, as every body knows your rigging is paid for.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1844.

AN OBITUARY.

"Death aims at a shining mark."

If you behold an intellectual child—one whose mind expands and outgrows the muscles and bone—if his eye kindles with the glowing spark of genius—remember that infant, for he is a "shining mark" and Death's arrow is aimed at it with a precision amounting to fate!

We have an infant like this now hushed into the quiet sleep of death! At the first dawn of its existence, it spoke like a man, and the broad Union hailed it with joy and the trumpet of Fame sounded from every hill-top in its praise. "But alas! so fair a child could not live."

In plain words, dear reader, the "Spirit of the Age," the offspring of our brain and press—is no more. Unable to find in this cold world the friendship and support which it merited, it will never again smile upon the unappreciating human family. We will chant no requiem over its grave, nor build up to its memory a monument;—*Requiescat in pace!*"

To the Press and our friends, we return our hearty and sincere thanks, for their kindness and their liberal support. We shall ever bear in mind the obligations we are under to the former and hope to merit the continued support of the latter.

At some future day we may revive our enterprise; and until that time we shall devote all our energies to the improvement of the Repository now the favorite in thousands of happy family circles.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. H. C. Lyons, N. Y. \$1.00; C. F. B. Poughquag, N. Y. \$1.00; T. K. Cornwall, Ct. \$1.00; M. L. W. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; C. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; E. J. C. Waddington, N. Y. \$1.00; T. V. S. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; B. C. B. Fayetteville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Deposit, N. Y. (for 19th vol.) \$1.00; G. B. P. Upper Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00.

Arrived.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. George W. Allen, to Miss Marietta Lapugh, all of the above place.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Charles H. Underhill, Mr. Orin H. Noble to Miss Cordelia E. Stevens, all of this city.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst. by Elder Philetus Roberts, Mr. Edgar M. Vanderburgh, of Canaan, Columbia co. to Miss Hannah Sutherland, of Stamford, Dutchess co. N. Y.

In Taghkanic, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Jacob H. Anderson, of Claverack, to Miss Catharine Hoffman, of the former place.

In Ghent, on Saturday, the 22d inst. by John A. Kittle, Esq. Daniel Shilling of Stuyvesant Landing, to Miss Catherine Shilling, of Ghent.

Died.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Catharine Giles, in her 45th year.

On the 15th inst. Margaret, daughter of Timothy and Emeline Buckley, aged 1 year and 4 months.

On the 17th inst. Susan A. daughter of Wm. J. and Ann P. Fo'ger, aged 1 year and 4 months.

On the 17th inst. Nancy Stickle, in her 44th year.

On the 22d inst. Alice, daughter of David and Ann Rose, aged 2 years, 5 months and 20 days.

On the 22d inst. Richard Macy, in his 67th year, an old and highly respected citizen of Hudson.

On the 18th inst. greatly lamented by her friends and acquaintances, Mrs. Maria, wife of James Van Deusen, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 1st inst. at the residence of her Uncle, in the town of Claverack, Mary Elizabeth only child of the widow Althea Smith, in the 2d year of her age.

In Taghkanic, on the 25th inst. Jonas P. Bortle in the 60th year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

WINE.

I LOATH it; I loath it; and cannot urge
One half of my hate for the deadly scourge;
For who hath sorrow, wo, misery, strife?
Who hath starving children and weeping wife,
Palsied limbs, dark soul, burning brain away,
Fevered dreams by night, gnawing pains by day?
Thy votary Bacchus, god of the vine,
Who tarrieth long by the ruby wine.

When in my sportive years, a mother's prayer,
Breathing soft murmurs on my listening ear,
Warned me, to shun the luring paths of sin,
In all my ways, consult the voice within;
To live the man, dispise, contemn, abjure,
The wine-cup's glow, unholy as impure:
To scorn thee Bacchus, god of the vine,
Nor tarry in youth o'er the rosy wine.

Shall a fond mother's prayer be breathed in vain?
Shall a wayward son give that mother pain?
No wither this hand, and each hope of mine,
When I seek pleasure in the sparkling wine!
I have seen one family cursed by thee,
Vilest spirit of death and revelry,
O Bacchus, thou god of the twining vine,
What malignant revenge is that of wine!

It maddens the reason; it fires the blood;
Makes man a beggar; the image of God
It forms to the demon. O, wine forbear,
To torture thy victims! but spare, O spare!
A fond loving wife thou hast doomed to shame,
And children inherit a drunkard's name;
While Bacchus, base god of the grape and vine,
Still, reigns o'er the banquets of mirth and wine.
Montgomery, Ala. June, 1844. J. G. W.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

THE world for sale!—Hang out the sign,
Call every traveler here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set my weary spirit free?
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;
The world at auction here to day!

It is a glorious thing to see—
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be!
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er, and view it well;—
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going!—I must sell!
Who bids?—who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's wealth in glittering heaps of gold—
Who bids?—but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold,
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain;
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis going!—Love and I must part!

Must part!—what can I more with Love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove—
A breath of bliss—a storm of pain?

And Friendship—rarest gem of earth—
Who e'er hath found the jewel his?
Frail, false, fickle, and little worth—
Who bids for Friendship—as it is?
'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all—
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy.
How much for Fame? How much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders!—would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,
Now purchase, and a world command!
And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain:
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

Ambition, fashion, show and pride,
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
By death! stern sheriff, all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left—
My Faith, my Bible and my God.

MEETING OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MINERVA a visit to Flora once made,
When the flowers, in a body, their compliments paid;
And charmed with their manners and elegant dyes,
She promised to give to the fairest a prize;
Appointing a day when herself would preside,
And on their pretensions to beauty decide.
Then the Rose bridled up with a confident air,
As if she would say, "Who with me can compare?"
While the Lily but newly come out as a bride,
Whispered long to her sisters, and laughed at such pride.

The Hyacinth studied her wardrobe with care,
Still puzzled to settle what colors to wear;
The Poppy, ashamed of her dull sleepy eyes,
Wore a new scarlet dress, with a view to the prize;
While the tulip came flaunting and waving her fan,
And turned up her nose at the Daffodil clan.
Then flocked the Anemones, fair to behold,
With the rich Polyanthus in velvet and gold;
And the Jonquil with corsets laced up very tight;
The hump at her back to conceal from the sight
The buds who were thought by their mothers too young,

Round their sisters' toilettes discontentedly hung;
There was teasing, and dressing, and sprinkling
enough—
The pretty Quill-Daises each bought a new ruff,
The stately Carnations stood frizzing their hair,
And the tall London Pride choosing feathers to wear;
The Pink at her mirror was ready to drop,
And the Snow Ball bought rogue at a milliner's shop;
And in the same square, at a shoe store so neat,
The trim Lady-Slippers were pinching their feet.
Thrifty Lilac complained that her robe was not new,
But with turning and furbishing thought it might do;

While the queer Ragged-Lady, who passed for a poet,
Sat darning her hose, and let nobody know it;
And Monk's-Hood, who sometimes had furnished a sonnet,

Was shaping and plaiting a fanciful bonnet.
The green-house exotics in chariots went by,
For their delicate nerves feared each frown of the sky;

While from her low cottage of moss, on the plain,
The Violet looked out, and admired the bright train,
Not dreaming to join in a circle so gay,
Nor supposing that she had a charm to display;
But judge how this splendid assemblage all stared,
When Minerva the prize to the Violet declared!
And added, "though beauties and graces were there,
That modesty ever to her was most fair."

From Graham's Magazine.

RUTH.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

"Thy God shall be my God!" Strong was the faith
Of that fair Moabitess who forsook
Her native country and her father's house
For Israel's God. There is no spot on earth
Where sunshine is so bright, the dew so pure,
Or grass so green, as in our native land;
And by our father's hearth-stone gushes up
The only fount of human tenderness
In which the heart can bathe, and fear no ill.

But Ruth had heard of God. She could not stay
Where men bowed down to demons; so she broke
All her hearts idol, and went trembling forth,
Poor, and a widow, to a stranger land,
To seek the living God. No dream of love,
Or wealth, or fame allured her. Meek of heart
Was that fair, gentle creature who went forth
To glean her bread-corn in the field of him
With whom she might find grace.

Well didst thou prove,
Thou young devoted proselyte to God.
That "He is a rewarder of all those
That diligently seek Him." Couldst thou then
While gleaning barley, 'neath the burning sun
Have looked into the future, thou hadst seen
Love, wealth, and princely honors waiting thee;
And thy descendants, an illustrious line
Of kings and princes, reaching down to Him
Of whose dominion there shall be no end,
And thy name "written for posterity,"
And honored to the latest hour of time.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY
William B. Stoddard.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. It will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, every number embellished with one or more superior wood engravings, and also a portrait of some distinguished person, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, INvariably in ADVANCE. Persons remitting us \$3.00, free of postage, shall receive Four Copies; for \$5.00, Seven Copies; for \$7.00, Ten Copies; for \$10.00, Fifteen Copies. To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume, (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; and for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th volumes, and any one sending for the 20th volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

No subscription received for less than one year. New Subscribers can commence at any time they choose. Back numbers as far as January last, or even all but the four first numbers can be furnished, and if particularly desirable we will supply the whole of the volume. In consequence of an unusual demand for our first four numbers we are in possession of but a very small number of copies; therefore, we recommend those who purpose to have this volume bound, to be especially careful of said numbers, as we shall be unable to supply them, without we publish them again, which will be uncertain, as it will be attended with more expense than will be warranted.

POST MASTERS, are authorized to remit subscriptions for a paper, free of expense.